The Carmel Pine Cone

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Board Refuses to Bite When Dog Pound Asks More Money

The dog situation in Carmel has gone to the dogs.

At least this was the opinion of the city council Wednesday night when Mrs. Louise J. Dobbins, head of the peninsula humane society, appeared before them and requested additional funds to carry out the work of the tri-city pound.

Councilman John B. Jordan protested on the grounds that the city had already made one financial contribution and did not see any reason why further money should be donated by the city.

Councilman Robert Norton pointed out that in his opinion, the society did virtually no work in Carmel. He said that there was no restraint placed on the dogs in the village and he could see no reason why the humane society should be given more funds.

Mrs. Dobbins explained that the humane society was constantly extending its activities in Carmel. She said that the operations of the tri-city pound had been reduced to the lowest possible amount. but an increase in the dog population made it necessary to have additional funds.

For some minutes, the discussion became heated around a letter said to have been written to the council by Mrs. Dobbins. She denied having sent such a letter asking for additional funds some six months ago. As a climax to the argument, Mrs. Dobbins walked out on the council. No action on her request was taken.

Mayor John Catlin revealed that a wealthy resident of the village whose name for the present will not be made known, is anxious to present to the city of Carmel a painting by William Keith. The painting is of Point Lobos and is valued at more than $2000. The painting, when it is accepted, will probably be placed in the Carmel library.

Major W. J. Hairs of Merle's Treasure Chest, protested in a letter to the council against the present business license tax. A similar objection was made by Birney Adams, owner of the Fix-it shop. A study of the business license ordinance will be made and some changes may be suggested.

Loading zones in the principal streets of Carmel will be marked more distinctly, the council ordered. Police Judge George Wood, through Mayor Catlin complained that it was difficult to prosecute anyone parking inside the loading zones because they were not marked in accordance with the law.

Edith Heron, Peninsula Artist Evicted for Painting Mission

Artists are forbidden from painting Carmel Mission, one of California's most historic spots, it became known this week following the eviction from the grounds of Edith Heron, peninsula painter.

According to Miss Heron, who has taken up the matter with high Catholic authorities, she went to the Carmel Mission to paint in

BUYERS' DIRECTORY

Which Points the Way to Fortune in Fine Merchandise at Reasonable Prices—

—PAGE 11

Carmel Library,
Drawer 1600,
Carmel, Calif.

the grounds with the verbal permission from Father Philip Scher, acting bishop for this section.

She was just proceeding to paint when one of the guides at the mission ordered her off the grounds. When she refused to leave, declaring she had permission of Father Scher, she was forced out by a police officer and taken to the office of Argyll Campbell, deputy district attorney apparently to be prosecuted for trespassing on private property.

Campbell was not in, but later Miss Heron contacted him in Carmel and he refused to make a complaint against her. He said he would interview the authorities at the Carmel Mission with the hope of opening the mission to artists again.

Miss Heron who recently exhibited in Carmel and who is recognized throughout the state as a distinguished artist, points out that other Missions actually invite and urge artists to paint them. She said that at San Juan Capistrano there is even a place provided for artists to leave their material while they are painting inside the grounds.

The present attitude of the Carmel Mission, Miss Heron reports, has been quite recent. Up to a short time ago, artists were welcomed and hundreds of canvases of the grounds and the Mission have been painted.

Miss Heron's experience is one of several that have occurred at the Mission. Several months ago, Homer Lee, a noted eastern painter, visiting Carmel went to the Mission. Before he had even started painting, he was asked to leave the grounds. Lee complained to Mayor John Catlin but because the grounds are privately owned by the church, no action could be taken by the city.

According to Miss Heron, the ban on artists painting the Mission, comes as a distinct surprise to the majority of Catholics on the peninsula. She said many of them are stirred over this new order and may ask for an investigation.

Mrs. Conover Speaks Before Large Audience

Mrs. Charlotte Reeve Conover gave an [illegible] tional lecture on Moliere, the great fun-maker of old France, at All Saints Parish Hall last Wednesday evening, before an audience of half a hundred Carmelites, under the auspices of the Alliance Francaise.

Mrs. Conover in her talk gave a vivid account of Moliere and outlined briefly many of the plays that immortalized him throughout the world. After her lecture, Moliere himself appeared on the screen, through a varied collection of slides that Mrs. Conover collected while traveling through France.

A dinner in honor of Mrs. Conover will be given on August 17 at the San Carlos hotel. Mrs. Jean Juillard who recently returned from Europe will preside at the meeting.

Carmel Residents Gets Community Chest Post

Bernard Rowntree, Carmel real estate agent and for many years a resident here, has been re-elected to the post of vice-president of the Monterey peninsula Community Chest.

Dr. H. G. Wetherill, was succeeded as president of the organization by W. J. Gould. Gould was placed in nomination by Edward H. Tickle, chairman of the nominating committee. Plans for the work of the organization during the next 12 months was outlined briefly at the meeting held in Monterey.

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Schedule

Lv. Monterey for Carmel	Lv. Carmel for Monterey	Lv. Carmel for Carmel Mission Point Lobos Highlands Inn	Lv. Highlands for Carmel
8:45 a.m.	8:15 a.m.		
10:15 a.m.	9:30 a.m.		
12:00 m.	10:40 a.m.	9:45 a.m.	10:15 a.m.
2:00 p.m.	12:45 p.m.		
3:15 p.m.	2:25 p.m.	3:35 p.m.	3:55 p.m.
5:20 p.m.	4:15 p.m.		
6:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.		

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Dean of Trinity Will Lecture in Carmel

The Rev. Edwin S. Lane, Dean of Trinity Pro-Cathedral in Phoenix, Arizona, is giving a course of lectures in All Saints Church, Carmel, beginning Sunday, August 14th, at 11 o'clock and every evening of that week at 7:30 o'clock and concluding on Sunday the 21st at 11 a.m.

The course of lectures is free to all; a cordial invitation is extended to the people of Monterey peninsula to take advantage of this opportunity to hear a man who has made a signal success in the work which he comes to bring to the Church people and others of our community.

The subjects for the address will be as follows:

On Sunday morning, August 14th—*The Place of Religion in the Modern World.*

Monday evening—*The Law of Human Cooperation with Divine Will.*

Tuesday—*Law of Divine Response.*

Wednesday—*Law of Increasing Growth.*

Thursday—*The Law of Creative Self-Denial.*

Friday—*Law of Purposeful Meditation.*

Saturday—*Law of Serenity.*

Sunday morning—*Law of Posessive Increase.*

Summer Music Festival Voices Appreciation

The Summer Festival of Music which has succeeded a fourth season in bringing to Carmel artists of the first rank, and presenting the world renowned Pro Arte String Quartet of Belgium, expresses its sincere appreciation to all those who graciously assisted in the work of the management and to Mr. Bolton, manager of the Monterey Theatre company; Mr. Coddel, the Carmel manager of the theatre; Mrs. Rose Campbell for the attractive posters for The Pro Arte Quartet; and the younger artists who acted throughout the Festival as ushers; Misses Nan Chinn, Patty Mora, Valentine Porter, Mary Walker, Ann Greene Marjory Smith, Ivy Van Cott, Elaine Carter and Elizabeth Sullivan.

A very great appreciation is due the Carmel artists, who gave a program of unusual merit.

Carmel Pistol Club Takes Watsonville Shots Sunday

Winning by a score of 1300 to 1294, the first team of the Carmel Pistol Club beat the Watsonville club last Sunday.

The second team were unlucky and lost to Watsonville, the score being, Watsonville 1063, Carmel 897.

The Carmel boys on the first team were Ball, Wood, Tarr, Williams and Comstock, and the second team was composed of Funchess, Sutton, Twigge, Fackenthal and Anderson.

The shoot was held on the range of the Watsonville Club.

Kuster To Direct S. F. Production

Edward G. Kuster who has been an active leader in the little theatre movement in Carmel, will stage several productions at the Travers Theatre in San Francisco this season. Kuster is the only outside director who has ever been invited to present plays there.

According to Kuster, two of the plays to be given will be new, one a translation from the German and the other an American play by a distinguished playwright. The third production will be either, *The Thrip'ny Opera, Karl and Anna* or *The Beggar on Horseback.*

Kuster said the group will be called the *Golden Bough Players* and will be composed of Carmel and Monterey peninsula casts. Amateur actors may also be recruited from Salinas.

Anyone interested in participating in any of the three plays planned for San Francisco production are urged to communicate at once with Kuster. Rehearsals for the first play will start early in September.

Women To Form Club Favoring Hendricks

Plans were being completed this week for the organization of a Carmel Women's Hendrick's-for-Congress Club. The group will urge the election of Scott Hendricks, who is running against Arthur M. Free.

A large number of prominent Carmel women have already met and have discussed the organizing of such a club. Ernestine Renzel has been named temporary chairman of the group.

Two Drivers Fined For Speeding Here

The city of Carmel's treasury was $20 to the good this week as the result of the arrest of two motorists for speeding inside the city limits.

Mrs. Bell McFarland of Monterey, was arrested by Officer Charles Guth for going 37 miles an hour in a 20 mile zone. She plead guilty before Police Judge George Wood and was fined $10.

Raymond Moore of Pacific Grove was going 38 miles an hour on Carmelo. It cost him $10 for being in such a hurry.

An alarm was turned in Thursday from the house of Mrs. Leslie Doulton, 13th and Monte Verde, caused by a defect in the electric wiring. The fire department responded promptly, putting out the fire without serious damage.

Some of the few Carmel bargains

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Hats by
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Nine Arrested In Campaign To Stop Traffic Congestion

The Carmel police department's campaign to stop traffic congestion on Dolores street by eliminating double parking was well under way this week with some nine motorists cited to appear in court.

Motorists were given tags not only for double parking but for parking over the one hour limit on Dolores street. All of the nine motorists cited, including two merchants, plead guilty to the traffic violation and were fined $2.00 each by Police Judge George L. Wood.

This is the first time in years, court record shows, that so many motorists have been fined in such a short period of time for traffic violations.

In line with the policy outlined by the city council, the police department and Judge Wood are working in conjunction to stop the traffic congestion on Dolores street.

"Courtesy tags have failed to bring the desired results in clearing the street," Judge Wood said. "We hope that by levying small fines, the motorists will pay strict attention to the traffic rules. The co-operation of every visitor, every resident and every merchant is urged in order that this traffic problem can be settled as quickly and as easily as possible.

"Many merchants deliberately park their cars all day long on Dolores street. This not only adds to the congestion, but prevents customers from parking and thereby hurts the merchant directly. The Carmel police court is not trying to collect fines for revenue, but merely to clear out Dolores street—a wish that the majority of residents are hoping for."

Most of the traffic citations were given out by Traffic Officer Charles Guth.

County Tax Rate Will Be Same As Last Year

Despite a mandatory 13-cent increase, the county tax rate for all incorporated territory will be the same as last year. A 20-cent cut, however, was made possible in the outside rate.

The new tax rates were set by the board of supervisors after two weeks of slicing budgets and cutting down the expenditures of every department. Only by the greatest economy measures was it possible for the board to maintain the same tax rate as in 1931.

The rate will be $1.98 per $100 assessed valuation for all incorporated property. The outside tax rate will be $2.19 per $100 assessed valuation. These rates will be officially adopted by the board of supervisors when they meet in September.

A 13 cent increase was forced upon the county through a recent act of the legislature. This levy protects the income for operation of the county schools in the event of any delinquencies.

Annual Honeymoon Brings Couple Here

Seventeen years ago, two art students sat across the room from each other at work on their respective canvases.

One of the students was a tall blonde youth, the other a pretty brunette in her twenties.

"It would be great to go to Carmel and paint," said the art student to his feminine companion.

"It would," she answered.

They were married a few days later and they came to Carmel to spend their honeymoon.

The couple are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Holyoakes who for the 17th year are spending their annual month's honeymoon in Carmel.

The Holyoakes now reside in Sacramento where he is active in business. Once each year, however he and his wife, and their two youngsters. DeForest and Mary Elizabeth, pack up their palette and spend a month in sketching and painting in and around Carmel.

Their son, DeForest, apparently has inherited the parental art ability and is taking lessons from DeNeale Morgan.

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Supervisors Will Be Asked To Zone Out Fruit Stands

Elimination of the portable fruit stands and groceries which have established themselves on the Carmel-Monterey highway will be discussed at a meeting of the Carmel business association to be held next Thursday night.

This was disclosed today by Robert Parrott, president of the association, who declared that he will urge the organization to take definite steps to clear the highway of all commercialized establishments.

"Unless we take some action to keep the Carmel-Monterey road clear, its scenic beauty faces a great hazard," Parrott said. "This stretch of highway which leads directly into Carmel is one of the few roads in the state which have not become littered with fruit stands and other commercialized projects.

"Already the number of fruit stands on the road have increased from one to three. If we don't stop them right now, it will be too late. A zoning ordinance passed by the supervisors would easily solve the question."

Walter Ridener, newly appointed secretary of the Monterey chamber of commerce, said he would bring the matter to the attention of the directors at their next meeting. Ridener said he would suggest a plan by which both the Monterey chamber and the Carmel business association could function jointly in ridding the highway of the fruit stands.

A. A. Caruthers, supervisor for the Monterey peninsula, declared that if the proper petitions and a delegation of all residents appeared before the supervisors, they would probably approve an ordinance that would zone out all commercialized enterprises from operating on the Carmel-Monterey highway.

Although the Carmel Woman's club is at the present time holding its summer vacation with no meetings, officials of the organization said that they would urge members to circulate and sponsor petitions asking for a zoning ordinance for the Carmel-Monterey highway.

Virtually every Carmel artist and writer has indicated that they would support any movement that would keep the Carmel-Monterey highway clear from billboards, fruit stands and any other commercialized project.

Wagner to Write Up Carmel for Magazine

Like the mail carrier who goes hiking on his vacation, Rob Wagner is spending a well earned rest in the village by gathering up material for an article on Carmel. The article will appear in one of the national magazines for which Wagner is a regular contributor.

The Soup Ladle

By James Broughton

Madeleine Ruthven of Culver City saw a water ousel recently in the Big Sur country, which Robinson Jeffers has made so famous, and the sight inspired her to write the following verse, which she sent to William Rose Benet:

The water ousel is a bird
Whose muted call is rarely heard.

Where water sparkles over sand
He comes to dance his saraband.

Archaically he bobs and bows,
Performing for indifferent cows.

A modest bird, he is too shy
To etch his wings against the sky.

His sudden flight above the stream
Is level as a shadow's beam.

A moment you may see him dance,
But if he spies your quickest glance

With one swift stroke he skims the glade
And vanishes within the shade.

We've never been fortunate enough to see a real water ousel. They are very rare birds, you know. But we did see an osprey once, so perhaps that makes up for it. The only other thing we can remember reading about a water ousel was in a book, the name of which we have forgotten. It was a very funny book; we would deeply appreciate having someone remember the title for us.

In it there was a poem, which ended with a picture of a mother bird sitting contemplatively by the creek,

Watching the watery carousels
Of the baby water ousels.

* * *

We went up to the John Reed Clubroom the other day—purely as an inquiring reporter, you understand—and we were delighted by some of the Russian posters that have been hung on the walls.

There is one by a Soviet artist named Deni that is printed as propaganda against drunkenness. Ella Winter explained that in Russia there is a great deal of drinking among the workers, and the Soviet government is attempting to stop it in some degree by these posters showing the evil effects of alcohol. Deni's picture portrays a red-nosed, thoroughly intoxicated old fellow, with a rag around his aching head and a green serpent wound around his neck. You people with the 18th Amendment blues might go and see this. It should make you more patient.

Mrs. Steffens says that you see this poster wherever you go in Russia—in cafes, railroad stations, private homes. We think it might not be such an impractical idea to have one over the mantlepiece as a sort of ominous warning to slightly too-noisy and too-thirsty visitors.

* * *

Charlotte Morgan tells us that she has finally gotten used to living in Carmel, after having been here ever since the Berkeley fire. She desn't enumerate just what things about the village annoyed her for so long, but then we have all probably learned that Carmel's greatest lesson is tolerance.

Miss Morgan is being so completely won over now that she is even painting a series of pictures depicting Carmel streets.

* * *

Major Kelly told us the other eve of the perils awaiting young womanhood on the way to Carmel.

It seems that a charming girl from San Francisco was traveling alone down to the Monterey Peninsula in a large sedan. She was speeding along, enjoying the warmth of the countryside, when she noticed how people in cars would pass her, gesticulating frantically, calling indistinguishable phrases. Cars would catch up to her, honk, and the driver would wave, point, and cry out. Our heroine was surprised but delighted that everyone was so friendly, and she waved in return. She did not know that a back door of the car was wide open, fluttering in the wind.

On the narrow San Juan grade everyone was just as excited about her, although perhaps a little more frantic. But the only thing that she noticed was how a car sideswiped her on a turn. When she reached Salinas she stopped for gas, and what was her consternation to discover that a door to the back of her sedan had entirely disappeared!

* * *

And last of all a word of warning. We have it on good authority that there are none more potent in the whole world than the Carmel Valley ants. When they begin to bite, you know about it! Rolf Pielke swears that these hungry animals took away two pounds of his flesh the other day while he was sitting in the sun.

But the advice is—if you don't kill the ants first, then they won't kill you.

Large Market Demand For Comely Artichoke

The artistocratic artichoke, famous for its digestive power in slowing up eating, faces the heaviest market demand of any other vegetable grown in the county.

More than $690,000 will be realized this year from artichokes which have been planted in this county and which cover some 3000 acres of culivated land. Of the portion, a large percentage of it has been planted as usual in Carmel valley.

The Big Sur district is apparently making a bid for agricultural honors. Some 125 acres of the comely vegetable have also been planted there. A 25 cent increase in prices over last year is in store for the artichoke grower.

Planning to spend the last two weeks of August in Carmel are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hooper of San Francisco. While they are here they will stay with Mr. Hooper's mother.

MEATS OF QUALITY

Not in years have meat prices been as low as they are today. Every delicious, health-giving cut of meat can now be bought at prices that will cut the food budget. Steaks, chops, roasts—the foundation of good meals—can grace your table now for only a minimum cost.

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Crystal White Soap, 10 for 29c
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Chatka Crab 27c
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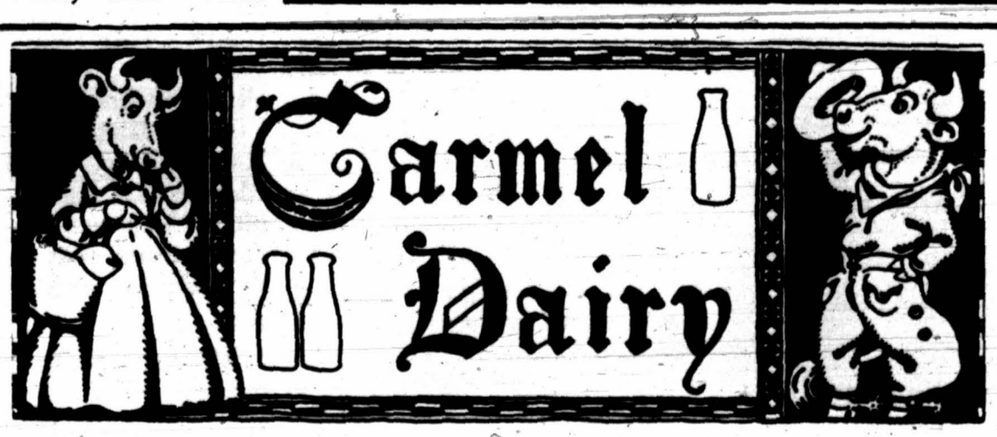

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Bauer and Neah-Kah-Nies Battle Against Red Curtain

By Hal Garrott

The largest audience ever assembled to hear a Carmel concert greeted Harold Bauer and the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet last Saturday in Sunset School Auditorium.

If the volume of tone from strings and piano fell short of the desired fullness for concert performance, this was due to no faulty acoustics in Sunset Auditorium. Acoustics are figured from the stage. And if strings will play in front and below the stage, with what do you think for a sounding board—of all things, a soft curtain!—they will have to take the consequences. Even if it is red a curtain is a poor sounding board. It absorbs sound as a sponge does water. The Brosa String Quartet discovered this last summer in the little Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, and corrected it at the second concert.

Even the mighty Harold Bauer could not fight that curtain to produce the volume easily obtained from the stage by the accompanist for the Kruetzberg Dancers. Barring lack of tone the program was inspiringly played. Susie Pipes distinguished herself in the Mozart E Flat Major Quartet, which gives the stage pretty much to the first violin. Her tone was clear, flowing and musical. The Neah-Kah-Nies are a well balanced, nicely blended string body. Hubert Sorensen, second violin and Abraham Weiss, viola, both possess mellow tone quality, a flair for ensemble playing and genuine musicianship. Michel Penha, director, is one of America's leading cellists and a quartet and orchestral director of distinguished talent.

Harold Bauer's solos were played with a pianistic beauty, a rhythmic swing, and a bravura masterfulness that I think could not be surpassed. His pianissimo runs are indescribably exquisite. They possess a downy softness without sacrificing clarity. Considering he was fighting a red curtain, the ovation given his performance was earned twice over. It seemed good to hear once more the old Chopin Third Ballade. The pianist imbued it with a lyricism and a majesty that will keep it ringing in our ears another decade. Like old times, too, to hear as encore Chopin's G Fat "Butterfly" Etude—Paderewski's favorite encore thirty years ago. Personally, I prefer Paderewski's clinging staccato in that number—a matter of pedaling.

The Schumann Quintet sent the audience home with a jolly song in their hearts. The unquenchable joyousness of this masterpiece found adequate expression in the competent hands of Bauer and the Neah-Kah-Nie Quartet. Bauer is a magnificent ensemble performer. Without noticably un-balancing the united tone, he nevertheless managed to build up climaxes for the entire body, where the fatal curtain muted the strings almost beyond recognition.

The slow second movement—where Schumann in an effort to write a funeral march to provide contrast succeeded only in being lyric—was played with a haunting lovliness that made it the evening's high spot for me.

It is a pity that these five splendid musicians, playing to Carmel's largest concert audience, should have to appear under the worst exhibition of stage management the village has yet experienced. Some one certainly was "asleep at the switch." The first half of the program was played to full strength overhead lights. Their dazzling effect was anything but conducive to musical enjoyment! After the audience has arrived is a poor time to begin experimenting with electric light switches. During the intermission the experimenter continued his investigations, trying everything, even the foot lights of the curtained stage, and eventually stumbled upon a switch that cut down the overhead glare. Thus, during the last half of the program our smarting eyes were spared the dazzle.

As if enough had not been mismanaged already, no return signals were sounded at the end of the intermission. In fact just as the audience had gathered in the foyer for a well earned smoke, some one shunted the musicians out on the stage for the second half. There they sat and sat while disgruntled Carmel smokers tossed aside barely lighted cigarettes and hurried to the auditorium. Everyone managed after a time, to scramble back to his or some one else's seat.

The musicians, permitted to play at last, rose to the emergency and gave a truly magnificent performance of the final number despite such handicaps as bone-headed management and a red curtain.

For the benefit of Carmel's emergency fund for needy persons, a whist party was given last Wednesday night at the Manzanita Clubhouse on Dolores.

A group of Carmel people sponsored the affair and Mrs. D. W. Dawson was chairman of the committee on the arrangements. A wide variety of handmade pillows were given out as prizes and refreshments were served at the close of the game.

Youngsters Do Wonders With Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch

By Hal Garrott

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch proved to be The Carmel Community Players' most successful production so far. The play moved along at a lively pace, the "mob" scenes were vivid and well directed. The players invoked the spirit of fun and kept the audience in a continuous uproar. The settings by Richard and Rhoda Johnson were beautifully done. The costumes by Mrs. John O'Dresser and Mrs. Eugene Marble provided half the characterization—and in several cases far more than that!

Ruth Marion Poore who provided the "elocutionary number" for the church vaudeville in Act III, brough down the house. Her "rendition" proved one of the finest comedy bits I've seen. A cinnema director who sat next to me laughed very noisily. "She'd be a riot on the screen," said he. "She has just the face for it—and those beautiful hands! A real comedienne will be lost to the world if that girl does not go in for movies."

Teddy Smith as Mrs. Wiggs gave a most sympathetic and appealing impersonation of that lovable character. Her reading of the part will live gratefully in our memories. The role of Miss Hazy was excellently handled. As no one could possibly be as dumb as Miss Hazy, the achievement of such dumbness by the actress is a tribute to Clare Hudson. Little Sally Haller as Europena so fascinated me, I could hardly look at the other children, all of whom, however, were good, and some were very, very good.

Nils Anderson as Cris Hazy did an excellent job. He was 100 per cent boy—as genuine as the goat that gobbled the carrots, never missing a bite, even to acknowledge applause. Jean Juillard Jr. was first rate as Billy Wiggs. Have we in this day and age forgotten how an intoxicated man behaves! Perhaps it is just as well. Anyhow, David Taylor's "drunken" cavortings as Mr. Stubbins were so unexpected they were funny. They together with his young piping voice issuing through all those whiskers but added laughs—where laughs were appropriate. Ross Cowan as Mr. H. Jones, Matrimonial Agent, did a flowery bit of Victorian and "old Lavander" posing that contributed effectively to our enjoyment of the play.

Virginia Rockwell created a genuine Miss Lucy with all the trimmings—and there were plenty of trimmings. Jane Hillerbrand's Lovey Mary was up to good amateur work. Elizabeth Ulman's Mrs. Schultz and the Deputy Sheriff were among the less successful portrayals. Sis Reamer gave a creditable impersonation of Mrs. Eichorn, and the long list of other characters, both children and grownups, on the whole were well handled. Members of the cast not mentioned above include: Joy Ballam, Gail Johnson, Master Victor Harbor, James Darling, Tommy Harbolt, Bud Todd, Cedric Rowntree, Bob Stanton, John Holland, Sam Jones, Lee Van Atta, James Andersen, Mingdon Sheets, Patty Keister, Jimmy Handley, Johnnie Walker and Dick Tevis.

The deft hand of Galt Bell was evident during every moment of play. He has directed many excellent productions on the Carmel stage, and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch was one of them.

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Famous Critic Reviews Local Art Events While on Strenuous Vacation

By REDFERN MASON
in San Francisco Examiner

This is a second article written in the relative quiet of Carmel. I say "relative" advisedly; for there is so much ego in the cosmos of the average Carmelite that a week's work in San Francisco will be necessary to enable me to get over a couple of weeks' rest here.

First the musicians. Dr. Frederick Search invited Olin Downs to talk on Russia, and the New Yorker gave a rattling good talk. He zigzagged from Leningrad to Tiflis in amazingly brief time, and got the sense of a people who are radical with a passion not unlike that of the early Christians.

But Dr. Search had other thoughts in summoning that meeting. He wants an Accademia of all the arts, which will harness the idealists in a common cause, give local talent a chance to express itself, and avert rivalries which he thinks are harmful to all.

Will he succeed in this hyper-individualistic Carmel? The future will show. Meanwhile the rival clans are glowering at each other.

Meanwhile Michel Penha is enjoying himself hugely and doing a good work in drilling the instrumentalists of the country for tweny miles round into an effective amateur orchestra. I attended a rehearsal and so did half the music-lovers of the community. The orchestra worked on two beautiful numbers, the Bach Double Concerto for Violin and the little known Double Concerto of Mozart for Violin and Viola. Susie Pipes and Sorenson were the soloists in the Bach, and Sorenson and Abraham Weiss of the Mozart.

Penha is an excellent director and drill master. He knows just what he wants and his quiet humor helps him greatly in getting his own way.

Of course, there will be a concert; but even if there were not, I think the joy of making beautiful music under the guidance of one who knows would repay the players a hundred fold for their labors.

This orchestra would seemingly be an impossibility if it were not for the presence in the community of the Neah-Kah-Nie Quartet. True, that is only for the summer months; but it is conceivable that, when Penha and his colleagues have gone their way, some one may be found to carry on the work so admirably begun.

Another manifestation of the creative local spirit was the concert given by Carmel artists a few days ago. It brought out Frederick Preston Search in the dual role of composer and 'cellist. Search was the one sole American to play in the orchestra of the great Nikisch. He is a rancher and musician. The slow movement of his quartet is a valuable addition to the literature of the 'cello.

Then David Alberto played the Liszt "Apres une lecture de Dante," which is Liszt at his worst. It was not one of David's good days; but he is an artist and has authority even when Minerva is unwilling. With Warren D. Allen at the piano Search played a Hindemith Sonata, which was "caviare for the general."

The number of the concert that stood out in most genial relief was the Mendelessohn B Flat trio, in which Ruth Mattern Lewis was the pianist, Mildred Sahlstrom Wright the violinist, and Edward Kuster the 'cellist. It was a delightful performance. Kuster has long neglected the musician in his make-up for the man of the theatre. That is a great pity, for his art has the rare quality of distinction. By the way, last year he gave the "Drei Groschen Opera" in Carmel and ought to give it again, for not only is it musically piquant, but it is a sociological document of the first value.

So much for the musicians: now the practitioners of other arts. In the Carmel Dairy you will see Jo Mora's cows. They are murals conceived in the spirit of "Alice in Wonderland," deliciously droll. And in the Deere Velie Clinic Ferd Bergdorff has an exquisite pine branch blooming decoratively on the wall. At Del Monte we saw the Oriental murals which Grant Wallace's gifted daughter did against time in a veritable tour de force.

The Del Monte Art Gallery is devoted for the nonce to the work of Armin Hansen, a sort of coloristic viking, who loves the sea and the men who go down to the sea in ships. Those Nieuport fishermen of his are racial documents, and so too are his Sicilian fisherfolk of Monterey. He loves yeasty seas and pictures them with an epic verve.

Here too we saw some of the landscapes of Percy Gray, who is artistically unwilling to forget that there were such men as Claude Lorraine and Constable. His vein is pastoral and the drawing reproduced on this page shows how happily his genius functions in this genre. Gray, by the way, has built a home in old Monterey, and thither he has transported much of the walls and timbers of the Sherman House that used to be a place of visitation on the main street, but was torn down. Here is the legendary rose tree dear to sentimentalists, who like to believe what in their hearts they know to be untrue, or unlikely, to say the least.

And, with the younger Search for guide, we penetrated deep into the Carmel Valley and then wandered off to the old house in which Gottardo Piazzoni lived his youth. Ben Blumquist, pioneer by instinct and choice, went with us and told how Gottardo practiced his sculptor hand on the sandstone cliffs and painted the ceiling of the old house. Little remains save picturesque desolation. But on the door some one had painted this inscription: "Howdy Piazzoni, Evelina and Giulio Silva, Ernest and Bunty Bacon, Ethel Walter, Elizabeth Elkus, Dorothea Lange, Muriel Dewar, Maynard Dixon. April 3, 1931." Beneath is the cross of Italy and, perhaps, the lily of Florence.

Michel Penha's Orchestra To Play Next Tuesday

By Hal Garrott

After breaking all records for concert attendance in the history of Carmel, the Neah-Kah-Nies are presenting in Sunset School Auditorium Tuesday, August 9, the most interesting event of their entire season.

Hundreds of friends, relatives, fellow-townsmen will want to hear what Michel Penha has accomplished with the local musicians who comprise his volunteer orchestra. Youngsters and grownups of all ages gathered from all points within fifty miles of Carmel, for weeks have been working hard, profiting by the training given by a master director.

Michel Penha is giving his time, his ability, his energy vitality toward producing a well trained body responsive to his baton. The results as I know them from constant attendance at rehearsals, are as astonishing as the miracle wrought by Madam Montesori, when her system for training children burst upon the world.

A leader who directed the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in modern works for Adolph Hertz, after five years under Stokowski as first cellist, Michel Penha is working in Carmel as he never worked before, to create something that is likely to set a mark for the musical development of communities. That this man chooses to make his great experiment in Carmel and entirely at his own cost, is a tribute to the village as a field for musical art.

Musicians who have heard the famous Von Hoogstratten, guest director of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, conduct the program we are to hear Tuesday, tell me that in some respects Michel Penha's readings surpass even that leader's. All things are possible to the man who knows—even the creation of a local orchestra that can play with inspiration for the man who knows how to awaken it.

This orchestra that Michel Penha has trained, will be directed Tuesday by a celebrated guest conductor, Henry Eichheim, conductor and composer, who comes up from Santa Barbara for the event. The individual members of the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet will appear as soloists. Michel Penha will play the Boccherini Concerto for Cello accompanied by the orchestra he has trained.

Susie Pipes, first violin, and Hubert Sorenson, second violin, perform the solo parts to the Bach Concetro for two Violins and orchestra. Abraham Weiss, viola player, and Hubert Sorenson end the program with the brilliant Mozart Concerto for Violin and Viola, the tutti, of course, by the volunteer orchestra.

As every member of the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet is an accomplished soloist, Tuesday's concert is bound to give local music fans a thrill they will not soon forget!

Spending two weeks with his mother Mrs. Grace D. Rodgers, at her home, Sur La Mer in Carmel, is the Reverend Edward E. Rodgers. Mr. Rodgers will speak before the congregation of Saint Mary's church in Pacific Grove for the next two Sundays.

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Rob Wagner Breaks Down--- Sobs Out Story of His Life

By Herbert Cerwin

There are two things Rob Wagner has never done—peddle bananas and sell insurance. Otherwise he has been an

(a) engineer.
(b) Encyclopedia compiler.
(c) Newspaper illustrator.
(d) Portrait painter.
(e) Magazine writer.
(f) Novelist.
(g) Magazine publisher.
(h) Humorist.
(i) Recent arrival in Carmel.

Rob's rise into fame started with its proverbial downfall. He was in the midst of becoming a successful engineer when the parental bridge collapsed and he started a comic magazine in Ann Arbor.

Getting out a comic magazine is a sad business. Rob left in a wake of tears and a broken heart for New York where the depth of his downfall increased with his employment as a newspaper artist.

Being a revolutionary figure, Rob won a place to cry on Rupert Hughes shoulder, who then wore woolen underwear and received a penny-a-line. Eventually Hughes went to London to aid in the compilation of the Encyclopedia Britanica and in a year's time called on Rob Wagner.

Rob illustrated part of the encyclopedia and also that stupendous volume, *The Historian's History of the World* for which he made 2000 drawings. Having learned that the downfall of all empires usually came as the result of a woman, Rob returned to New York and married.

A few months later he went to Paris—but not for a divorce. Instead he studied art, including dieting on twenty cents a day. After several years of having absorbed Parisian art and acquiring the technique of ordering from a menu without stuttering, Rob returned to America and established a studio in Santa Barbara.

Rob became part of the southern California literary circle which included Stewart Edward White, Sam Adams and several others. Because he was a painter, Rob was considered a rank outsider by this family of letters. A national magazine however, was then conducting a contest and Rob became an entry by submitting a learned paper on *The Saloon in Our Town*.

Ten days later when he was walking to the postoffice with Sam Adams who had conducted the famous fraud expose articles, Wagner pulled a letter from the box, tore the envelope open and found a $200 check for the article. He allowed Adams to catch a glimpse of it.

"Now that I have written for publication," Rob said, "I shall be permitted to horn in on your damn literary discussions. But don't talk to me until you have hung a painting in the salon!"

Rob, however, would have forgotten all about writing, had he not met at an art exhibition, Hobart Bosworth, who was then a landscape painter.

"What are you doing in California?" Rob Wagner asked.

"Shhhh," Bosworth said putting his finger to his lips and looking around so that no one would hear him. "I'm working for the moving pictures.

But don't say a word about it. I would be disgraced if they found out about it."

"H'm," said Rob.

"Come and see me on the lot," Bosworth encouraged.

The moving picture industry was then in its infancy. Phonographs were still the rage. Cigarettes and liquor were masculine accomplishments and corsets were the most popular things next to the skin you love to touch.

Wagner went with Bosworth to see and watch in amazement this new industry. When he returned and told his wife, she said, "Write it and you can sell it."

"I will," Rob nodded and for the next month, was locked in a room every morning. At the end of 30 days he sent the manuscript to the Saturday Evening Post and in seven days came a telegram:

"Will pay you $600 if you permit us to cut article into parts."

Rob wired back:

"Send $600 and cut it to ribbons."

From then on began a long association with the Post and the eventual abandonment of portrait painting for writing. But Rob had still another ambition and he revealed it to Jesse Lasky, president of Paramount.

"I want to direct a picture," he told Lasky.

"Fine," Lasky agreed and the arrangements were made. The picture was a success and Wagner did several others. Finally Lasky called him into his office.

"Rob," Lasky said. "Will Rogers is unhappy. See what you can do for him in a comedy."

Wagner went to Rogers.

"Will, what makes you unhappy?" he inquired.

"Well, it's this way, Rob," Rogers said and rolled a cigarette. "In every one of the eleven pictures I made, I have lost my pants. I'm damn tired of it."

Wagner started the production of a comedy *Two Wagons—Both Covered* with Will Rogers as the star. When the film was finished, Wagner was fired because all the officials of the film company said the picture failed to arouse a single laugh.

The picture was eventually put on the road and made one of the biggest hits for a short comedy in the history of the film industry. It was the real beginning for Will Rogers as a moving picture star.

And so in Hollywood where he publishes *Rob Wagner's Script*, Rob is known as the director who kept Will Rogers from losing his pants!

Gordon Nelson, the young actor who was in numerous Carmel productions in nineteen thirty and thirty one, writes that he is completing six weeks of summer stock with the Scarborough Players, whose bill of new plays appeared in a theatre on the Frank Vanderlip estate, along the Hudson. Last winter Mr. Nelson was in two New York productions, and plans to make his permanent home in that city.

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"City-in-the-forest"

Carmel, California, homes are hidden like tepees in the woods. By Frank J. Taylor, in Better Homes and Gardens

"But where's Carmel?" asked the visitor, as the automobile came to the crest of the hill on the Carmel High Road, stretching from Monterey, the old Pacific capital.

"Right down there in front of us," replied the Californian, with a sweep of his arm.

"I don't see anything but a forest," said the visitor.

"Well, that's Carmel," insisted the Californian. "The town is hidden in the pine forest."

The early Indians, who used to dig clams on the beach and roast them where Carmel now stands, would have had an easy time naming this unique community. They would have called it "City-in-the-forest."

It is, furthermore, one white man's town that the Indians might have liked, because it still possesses the fragrant flavor of the wilderness. The pine forest still thrives, right up to Ocean Avenue, which is Main Street. The homes are hidden like tepees in the woods. Wild-lilac, Indian Paint-brush, and a host of other native blossoms still bloom as they have for centuries.

Carmel is living proof that men need not annihilate the forest to make room for their cities. In Carmel the forest still grows in its primeval state, as tho several thousand humans had never chosen this site for their homes and gardens. Carmel has demonstrated that a city may live and thrive in the very heart of the forest. It has taken white men a long time to find this out. Many a city founder laid out his streets in the forest, but, so far as I know, Carmel is the only community that has managed to preserve the forest within the city limits.

Where other townsmen destroyed the handiwork of Nature with wanton ruthlessness, the Carmelites bent their organized energies to save the trees. Today, when other cities are patiently trying to restore the loveliness of the landscape, destroyed in the march of progress, Carmel rejoices in the natural beauty of its wilderness.

The story of the growth of this unusual little city, nestling on the pine-clad hillside, above a smooth, white strand of the Pacific, a few miles south of Old Monterey, is one that will inspire all garden-lovers. It was retold to me recently by Perry Newberry, editor of the *Carmel Pine Cone*, indefatigable champion of the right of the trees and wild-flowers and of Nature. Perry Newberry is one of the "old guard," responsible for making Carmel so refreshingly different. "When we first came to Carmel," he said, "the population of the town consisted of but a handful of artists and writers. They had come down here and built their homes among the trees so they might live as near to Nature as possible. They wanted to live simply and economically and work out their ideas.

"My wife and I had only $250 when we came here. With it I bought a lot and proposed to build a house. For a time, while I worked on the house, we set up housekeeping under a pine tree. With that $250 I managed to pay for the lot, build the house, and have a little money left over for groceries.

"A great many of the first homes in Carmel were built under the same circumstances by people who wanted to live at least part of the year where they could enjoy both the forest and the sea.

"The wildflower gardens were already here, and all we had to do was see that they were not destroyed. Everyone built his home according to his own idea, and that accounts for the variety in homes. Everyone tried to save as many trees as possible. We tried to fit our homes into the landscape, instead of trying to make a landscape to fit the home."

Carmel is, to all appearance, an architect's dream. Nowhere that I know will one find more originality in design of houses, more freedom and artistry in construction. Yet it is a curious sidelight on Carmel's history that until recently few architects helped to design these unique homes. Until a year or so ago, the town had no architect among its citizens.

Most of Carmel's streets are mere lanes thru the woods. If a pine tree or wild lilac stood in the way, the road went around it. Unpaved roads still predominate. From the hill above town you can hardly detect the business building.

The newer business structures, particularly along Dolores Street, which crosses Ocean Avenue, are a striking maze of little shops, almost hidden in patios and courtyards, reached thru arches, after the Monterey style of architecture. Even here the buildings have been constructed around the pines.

Carmel casts a suspicious eye at Progress, when spelled with a capital P. When the first pavements were laid, in the business section of the town, there was much lamenting on the part of the townspeople. Cement is hard and cold and not in keeping with the forest. Carmel wanted as little of it as possible, and even that is to be colored to blend into the landscape, if the "old guard" has its say.

As the town grew there was demand on the part of certain aggressive exploiters for removal of some of the trees from the streets. Carmel rose in its wrath at the suggestion, and the town council enacted an ordinance forbidding cutting a tree within the city limits without permission of the council. This makes life a joyful song for the Carmel pines.

Carmel is off the main California highways; in fact, it is miles from anywhere, and for years the neighboring cities were inclined to laugh at the eccentricities of this unique little settlement in the forest. "It will never grow," people said. "It is too backwoodsy."

But as Carmel became more widely known for its method of living in the forest, as it developed such original features as the Forest Theater, its artistic homes, its lively, happy social life, many a Californian came to regard its isolation as an added attraction. There followed a boom in the forest, and it is to the everlasting credit of Carmel's "old guard" that even during these years of rapid growth and in spite of the influx of affluent newcomers, the "City-in-the-forest" preserved its original purpose and remained simple and natural.

Offhand, it would seem that the "City-in-the-forest" has been achieved, out on the Pacific shores, with surprisingly little effort, by the simple expedient of letting everyone work out his own ideas in his own individual way. This accounts for the fine variety of homes; but the refreshing wilderness effect is the result of carefully organized effort. As Perry Newberry put it:

"We had an unusually intelligent group of settlers in this community—people of remarkably fine taste—but even so, to make Carmel what it is today, we had to be eternally vigilant to save the trees and to prevent the destruction of wildflower gardens that it would take years to replace."

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In addition to the production of art in all its varied manifestations, a new industry may soon boom out of Carmel.

Frog legs, the delicacy of French cuisine, will shortly be offered in the market. The frogs are being developed in a specially constructed pond on the Carmel river, about five miles from here.

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Newberry's Authentic Autobiography

XII

The first fall rains found us still encamped in the heart of the San Hedrim mountains. Hung to the branch of a tree near the tent was a haunch of choice venison, and venison had hung there for our eating all through the weeks. Quail, mountain rabbits, tree squirrels, with bacon and ham of commerce, had made us fat and lazy. Trout were too plentiful and easily come by to sustain interest.

Bru had half a dozen canvases of landscapes that he considered worth keeping; I had the pelts of a ring-tailed cat, two raccoons, and the skins of a half dozen rattlesnakes we had killed. Bertha had a rich coat of tan and a couple of yellow-jacket stings. We might still have been there, camping out, had not the rain persisted.

San Jose was the next city upon our itinerary of illustrated industrial editions, and we made our push for it in force. In 1898, San Jose was a city of 20,000 people, an over-big village. Its two daily papers, the *Mercury* in the morning and the *Herald* in the evening, were adamant to my overtures for a contract, so I was forced to close with the one and only weekly, *The Report*, published by Clarence Woolfolk.

To our surprise, solicitation of write-ups came easy and met with prompt response. We hardly needed to finish argument before a pen was dipped in ink and a signature was scrawled. These San Jose merchants and manufacturers were so much easier than those of Sacramento that we should have been suspicious. Instead we patted our own backs for being more persuasive, and counted the gains that the edition promised as already in Bertha's chamois-skin bag.

It was only after the edition was out, and Bertha, who was to do the collections here, had made her first day's round that we learned the bitter truth. Almost without exception, at every place she had gone they had offered to credit our bill on Clarence Woolfolk's account. He owed the merchants more than the write-ups came to. No wonder that signatures had been easy to get! Bertha, Bru and I went into a huddle, and sent for Woolfolk.

"Folks," he said, after we'd explained the situation, " I guess you're out of luck. I probably owe everybody in San Jose more or less. I've been sick, the paper's been going down hill, and I've had to use my credit to the limit. It never occured to me when I made the deal with you that these creditors of mine weren't going to pay in cash. Though they've been kind in not pressing me for payment, they'll take this opportunity to collect. And instead of owing them, I'll be owing you."

"Which helps us a lot," Bru said drily. "There's close to two thousand dollars coming to us on this edition. How are we to get it out of you?"

"The *Report* should be worth that. I'll give you a bill of sale—"

"No," said Bru firmly. "A newspaper that has let you into the hole for two thousand isn't an asset. It's a catastrophe. And we don't want any kind of a newspaper, good or bad."

"It's everything I've got in the world," said Woolfolk, sadly. "Take it or leave it."

And we took it. There was nothing else to do, and, besides, we were not the sort of people that could study a new idea without getting thrilled by it. As I remarked, walking up and down the floor, with my chest thrown out a bit,

"A really high-class newspaper, along constructive lines, with bright and brainy editing—"

"But who'd be editor?" from Bertha.

"—could be made to pay—pay big!" I ignored her slur. "We'll change the name—"

"To the *Leather Skylight!*" Bertha shouted.

"To the *Thonged Maulstick!*" Bru came simultaneously.

"To the *Weekly Sketch*," I finished. "A brief and breezy review of news and affairs—"

"Illustrated brilliantly with clever pen drawings and cartoons—"

"With a keen woman's page, society gossip, and a column of poems—"

"And an editorial column like Brann's *Iconoclast*," I had the last word. I was immediately selected as editor, Bru as art editor, and Bertha as poetry editor. Because I wasn't Brann, Bru wasn't John T. McCutcheon and Bertha wasn't Ella Wilcox, the *Weekly Sketch*, formerly *The Report*, never quite came up to our expectations for it.

We sent Clarence Woolfolk back to his parents in Virginia, where there would be a home and tender care for him the balance of his life, forgot our dreams of New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, and Paris for the 1900 Exposition, and began the hard struggle of bringing up a weekly—spell it either way—newspaper. We took a suite of offices in the Rea Building, the tallest structure in San Jose, on its top floor. One room was the office and editorial sanctum; behind it was Bertha's and my living quarters; behind that, Bru's studio and bedroom. Most of our meals were taken at restaurants that traded meal-tickets for advertising space. Clothing, shoes, neckties and laundry were in exchange for ads. Because we were young and enthusiastic, we enjoyed it.

I became the local correspondent for the San Francisco *Examiner* with a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, which went quite a way toward relieving the financial situation. Also I began learning to be a real newspaper reporter. San Jose was a lively source of news, with crime not uncommon, and it was far enough away from San Francisco in those days before the automobile shortened space, so that the *Examiner* did not send reporters to cover when a good story broke, but left me free to handle it. My ambition to make the *Examiner* front page without a rewrite-man's intrusion, became more frequently satisfied with each month's passing. I was getting my share of excitement, too. Now I packed a 44-calibre Colt on my hip, and tried to beat the police to the scene of the crime. Much of the material for more than a score of years fiction writing was gained in those days of newspaper reporting in San Jose.

It was a lively little city. One night a wife took a horsewhip and went seeking her husband whom she found, with another woman, in a prominent all-night restaurant. The horsewhip was used vigorously and without prejudice on husband and his lady. As they were all people of some consequence, I used the story in the *Examiner*, as was my duty.

Next morning, sleeping late, Bertha aroused me with information that a man insisted upon seeing me at once with important news. Throwing on a dressing-robe over pajamas, I went into the office to find an acquaintance of mine who worked in the office of the man who had been horsewhipped. He said, "Newberry, I'm here to warn you to keep out of the way of the boss. He came to my house early this morning and borrowed my revolver. Said he wanted to shoot a rat with it. I hadn't seen the *Examiner* then, so thought nothing about it and loaned him the gun. Now that I've read the story you wrote, I know he's after you. I'm warning you, because I never would feel right if you were shot with my revolver."

I thanked him heartily, and considered the situation while I ate breakfast. I could slink out of town, or play sick and stay abed, but neither seemed a permanent solution of the crisis. Fortunately Bertha had not heard the warning given me, so I didn't have to argue the matter with her. I switched my gun to the side coat pocket, and started down main street with my hand in the same pocket. My eyes darted right and left, and I wished for another pair in the back of my head.

Not a sight of my man of the borrowed gun on Santa Clara street, not a glimpse of him on First street, and if he were looking for me it would be on one of these streets. I relaxed a bit, and finally went into Millard's News Stand, a hang-out for newspaper men, quite convinced that the danger was over. I had hardly stepped inside, when I heard a roar from the far end of the store,

"There's the blankety-blank! I'll get him, the blankety-blank!" My adversary hurtled himself upon me. Forgetting all about the revolver in my pocket in the excitement, I struck out at him with a clenched fist. We mixed it vigorously.

Luck was with me, for one of my wild swings landed just as he was impeded by a low newspaper rack, and over it he sprawled with me atop, and magazines and papers flying everywhere. A policeman came running in and quickly dragged us apart. The patrol wagon carried us to the police station, my antagonist under arrest, myself as complaining witness. He was searched there. He had no revolver upon him. I wasn't searched, nor was the revolver in my side coat pocket discovered. But I knew it was there, and I knew that except for an instant's forgetfullness on my part, I should have been the murderer of an unarmed man. I hunted up my friend who had brought the warning. Before I could speak, he said,

"I was just going to telephone you. The boss brought back the gun just after I left to see you. Gave it to my wife. He shot a big rat that was bothering his chickens. Sorry I frightened you."

What I said to him needn't be recorded. It was a narrow escape. I refused to prosecute my adversary, of course, but made up my mind to leave pistols in their holsters until actually needed. And the next time I drew it in earnest, I emptied its every cylinder.

Sheriff Bob Langford had received information that the head of the Hip Sing Tong, a Chinese organization of highbinders, was to be assassinated by members of a rival tong, the Bing Ongs, on a certain night. He invited me to be one of the posse that would prevent the killing and arrest the would-be murderers. As this effort, if successful, would break up a tong war that had already a half dozen victims to its credit we planned secretly and carefully.

Five of us, the sheriff, his two deputies Bache and Anderson, Louis O'Neal, attorney for the Bing Ong Tongs, and myself made our way, each alone and secretly, to the Hip Sing Tong joss-house in Heinlenville, the local Chinatown. In a small back room of this house of worship, slept the president of the tong on his bamboo couch. Not this night, however, for we substituted a roll of blankets for him, making a quite lifelike representation of the back view of Mr. Chink, under bedding.

There was a narrow staircase opening off this room, and Bache, myself and the sheriff took our places upon it in the order named, one above the other. Across the room, in another chamber. O'Neal and Anderson waited, their instructions being to prevent the retreat of the assassins through the front room, the joss-house proper. Dim lights of coal oil lamps burned in the front room and in the room of the bamboo couch. All prepared, we settled to a long, long wait.

Affairs like this, carefully arranged, seldom come off. I do not believe that any one of us had expectation of being disturbed that night. Even should the information on which we were acting prove true, the probabilities were that spies would discover our counter-plot, and call the project off. On my step, I settled as cozily as possible with my back against the wall, and went to sleep.

"Bang! Bang!" Two shots awakened me, and I yanked my gun as I leaped down stairs. Bache shouted something, and began to empty his gun. Crowded from behind by an anxious sheriff, I found myself in the bedchamber, with guns cracking venomously, and the flashes of burning powder the only lights seen. The oil lamp was out, doused by a bullet.

Between me and the dim square of the door to the front room, where the lamp still burned, were the silhouettes of two figures, Chinese. My revolver blazed at the targets there. Beside me, Deputy Bache went down groaning, but continued to fire from the floor. Bullets zipped by my head, plunking noisily in the plaster of the wall. Langford came into action. He was a sheriff of the olden school, a two-gun man. He fired twelve shots in fewer seconds.

The Chinese backed into the front room, and into a new danger, for O'Neal and Anderson opened on them from the other door. Again the light went out, snuffed by the breeze of passing bullets. My gun was empty, so I lit a match and found where Bache was sprawled on the floor. I asked, "Hit bad, deputy?"

Bache gave me no answer. In the front room, the battle was still on. I broke my revolver, fed it six more cartridges, and crossed to where the sheriff stood at the door. He cried, "Stop the shooting! Cut it out! There's nobody here!"

As suddenly as it had started, it ended. Plaster rattled to the floor, there was the acrid smell of burned powder, but the guns were quiet. Then a match was struck and held aloft by the sheriff. The front room was empty of men, its big doors open wide. "Light the lamp O'Neal," ordered Langford. "Then look after Bache, you and Newberry. Follow me, Anderson," and the sheriff led out into the night.

A score of arrests made throughout Chinatown; a wounded deputy sheriff toted in an ambulance to the hospital with a bullet in his groin; a roll of blankets, the bait in a trap, found perforated with two bullet-holes; a lot of joshing over the marksmanship of a two-gun sheriff and his posse, who fired thirty-six times without a hit; and the affair of the Hip Sing joss-house was about forgotten when an application for a funeral permit for a slant-eyed brother led to the discovery that the fatal disease looked more like a bullet wound of the spine than anything in the medical books. Then a search of the dead man's quarters uncovered two steel shirts of mail, both badly dented and mashed by bullets. So our ineffective fusillade was explained, at least to our own satisfaction, and each of us placed a notch on his gun-butt, and claimed a Chinaman.

(To be continued nex week)

Mrs. C. M. Maze of Modesto has taken a house in Carmel for the rest of the summer and visiting Carmel as her house guest are Mr. and Mrs. George Cressy.

At a Few Cents a Name

You can command the attention of a profitable percentage of your prospects. You can, through well planned printed messages sent through the mails, present your claims in a way that will interest them, make a favorable impression, and profitablly influence sales.

We help the progressive business men develop more sales through this simple method of printed salesmanship by mail. May we tell you how we can help you?

The Carmel Press · Inc.

Typographers · Color Printers

Telephone Carmel 77

Not That It Matters

By Eleanor Minturn James

Depression is not cramping the style of all vacationists. There are even picnics de luxe down on Stewart's Point. Beach tables and lounge chairs. Hors d'oevres served by a Philippino boy in a white jacket while lolling seals gape at the luxury, and gulls circle impatiently for polite table scraps.

* * *

Anatole France pooh-poohed all the sob stuff about love always dying. He complained bitterly that the trouble with a woman's love was that it never died.

* * *

Hal Garrott said with a smile that a man should never cultivate a garden larger than his wife could hoe.

* * *

A pretty woman is young until that moment when she evinces her belief in the approach of old age by acting on this belief, resorting to the beautifying devices and systems promising eternal youth.

* * *

Judge and Mrs. Thomas Taylor of Chicago came to California this summer via airplane. They say it's the only way and will return by air. Mrs. Taylor at a stop in Reno left her purse. Afterwards discovering her loss she notified the pilot. In only a few moments—they were far from Reno and 9,000 feet in the air—he had a return radio message from Reno saying the purse had been found and would be forwarded. Which it was.

* * *

Ever hear of a dog called "Moreover?" There was a quaint old Puritan who named his dog "Moreover" from the Bible passage," And moreover the dog came and licked his sores."

* * *

Mr. Vernon Kellogg and his daughter Jean have been visiting President Hoover at Rapidan Camp. Mr. Kellogg was at one time one of Hoovers right hand men. What has been geratly impressing Miss Kellogg at Rapidan Camp is the multitude of copperhead snakes. She said they are as plentiful as sparrows there. The grass is full of them.

* * *

Some years ago rattlesnakes brought a fair price. Now men who make their living catching them can only get fifty cents per. Speaking of snakes a short time ago a man was bitten by a rattler in the heart of Philadelphia; a man who spends the greater part of his time extracting venom from snakes for serums.

* * *

Gloria Stuart formerly of Carmel now a Universal star is at present—during her vacation—playing in "Peer Gynt" at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Gloria and her husband, Gordon Newell, sculptor, have a bungalow perched mighty high on a foothill overlooking Universal city. Their same Carmel dogs have a new playmate a new sheep dog puppy. For her new film "Airmail," Gloria Stuart learned to fly from the woman pilot Florence Lowe Barnes. During the filming the cast nearly had snow blindness—in July—from the glare of a southern sun and artificial studio snow.

Overheard: University girl emphatically on the defensive "But I don't drink." University boy. "Then how on earth do you ever get through exams?"

Miss Darby Back At Merle's Carmel Shop

Miss Mina Darby for many years with Merle's Treasure Chest at Melbourme, Australia and later with them at Carmel has returned to resume her duties here with the firm.

Some time ago she left Carmel to manage Merle's Santa Barbara branch store and while there was suddenly called away to help care for her mother who had met with a serious motor car accident at Los Angeles. Her many Carmel friends in particular will be glad to learn that she has now returned to reside permanently in Carmel and will take up a position with Merle's Treasure Chest as manageress and junior partner.

Miss Bessie Silverthorn, Stanislaus County Librarian, contemplates a short stay in Carmel the latter part of August.

Buyers' Directory of Carmel and the Peninsula

Air Service:
Monterey Peninsula Airport
Salinas Road
Telephone Monterey 2052

Architect:
C. J. Ryland
Hatton Fields, Carmel
Spazier Bldg. Monterey
Telephone Carmel 404
Monterey 648

Art Goods and Antiques:
Mission Art and Curio Store
120 Main Street Monterey
Telephone Monterey 279

Art Stores:
Merle's Treasure Chest
Next to the Bank of Carmel
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone Carmel 450

Attorneys:
Campbell, Argyll, City Attorney
Spazier Building, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 164

Automobile Business and Garages:
Snider Chevrolet Co.
665 Munras, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 2010

Carmel Garage
Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone 272

Carl's Auto Service
6th and Mission
Telephone 158-W

Auto Body Repairs:
Heizen Body Works
478 Tyler Street, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 472

Banks:
Bank of Carmel
Ocean Avenue
Telephone 312

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank
Dolores Street
Telephone 920

Bakeries:
Carmel Bakery
Ocean Avenue
Telephone 331

Dolores Bakery
Dolores Street
Telephone 650

Beauty Shops:
Cox, Alla
457 Alvarado Street, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 1240

Builders and Building Supplies:
Murphy, M. J. Inc.
Monte Verde and 9th
Telephone 154

Candy Stores:
The Pine Cone Candy Shop
"You'll Enjoy Our 50¢ Lunch"
608 Lighthouse Avenue
Telephone Pacific Grove 962-W

Children's and Infant's Apparel:
Pinafore Playhouse
"Toys & Togs"
Ocean Avenue
Opposite Pine Inn
Carmel 535-W

Dairy Business:
Carmel Dairy
Ocean and Mission Streets
Telephone 304

Department Stores:
Meagher & Co.
590 Lighthouse Avenue, Pacific Grove
Telephone Monterey 1144

Montgomery Ward and Co.
Pacific and Franklin Streets, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 614

Drug Stores:
Carmel Drug Store
Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone 10

Dolores Pharmacy
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 400

Dry Goods:
Stella's Dry Goods Store
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone 26-J

Goldstine's Department Store
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 221

Electricians and Dealers:
Hill, Paul K., Westinghouse Dlr.
San Carlos and 8th
Telephone 56-J

R. M. Kingman, RCA Radio Norge Refrigeration
Dolores Street near Ocean Avenue
Telephone 99

Rohr, Carl, General Electric Dlr.
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone 58

Employment Agencies:
Carmel Employment Agency
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 793

Fishing Parties:
"Two Brothers" 50 ft. powered cruiser
Fisherman's Wharf Monterey
Telephone Monterey 1746-W

Food Shop:
Home Food Shop
7th and Dolores
Telephone 901

French Lessons::
Madam Jeanne Pirenne
Dolores and 9th. : **Telephone 734-J**

Furniture Business:
Carmel Hardware Co.
Ocean Avenue and Mission
Telephone 463-W

Fix-it Shop, Du Bois Fencing Agent
San Carlos and 7th
Telephone 98

Used Furniture:
Noah's Ark, "Everything under the Sun"
221 Forest Avenue
Telephone Pacific Grove 2885

Grocery Business:
Carmel Grocery
Minges
Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone 268

Carmel Grocery Cupboards, Inc.
"Halting the decline of fine merchandising"
Ocean at Mission
Telephone 720

Dolores Cash Grocery
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 448

Ewig's Grocery
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone 423

Leidig's Grocery
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone 168 and 169

Market Del Mar
Dolores Street near 6th
Telephone 964 and 838

Hardware:
Carmel Hardware Co.
Ocean and Mission
Telephone 463-W

Bonham's Inc.
Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone Carmel 84

Jewelry Business:
Stackpole, Etta
Dolores Street near Ocean
Telephone 1122

Wheaton, M. L.
420 Alvarado Street, Monterey
Telephone 191-J

Merle's Treasure Chest
Next to the Bank of Carmel
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone Carmel 450

Laundries:
Carmel Laundry
Junipero and 5th
Telephone 176

Ladies' Apparel:
Cinderella Shop
Ocean and Monte Verde
Telephone 280

Carmelita Shop, The
Ocean next to theatre
Telephone 228

Light and Heat:
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
Williams Building, Dolores near 7th
Telephone 778

Meat Markets:
Wild, Frank
Ocean and Dolores
Telephone 1094

Vining's Meat Market
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 379

Percy's Market
(Market Del Mar)
Dolores Street near 8th
Telephone 838

Music Stores:
Lial's Music Shop
"Everything Musical"
490 Alvarado Street
Telephone Monterey 1418

Optical Business:
Hare Optical Co.
353 Alvarado Street, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 630

Painting Contractors:
W. McPhillips, Contractor
Agent for Bass Hueter Paints
San Carlos and Fifth
Telephone 76-W

Pet Shop:
The Pet Shop (Lloyd Lemon)
480 Alvarado Street, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 202-J

Pharmacies:
Dolores Pharmacy
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 400

Carmel Drug Store
Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone 10

Pianos:
Abinate Piano Co.
490 Alvarado Street
Telephone Monterey 1418

Printing:
Carmel Press
San Carlos and 7th
Telephone 77

Plumbers:
T. B. Reardon
San Carlos and 4th
Telephone 49

Real Estate:
Carmel Property Co.
Telephone 777
Ocean between Dolores & San Carlos

Carmel Realty Co. Ltd.
Las Tiendas Building, Ocean Avenue
Telephone 21

Douglass, Mrs. Tom
DeYoe Patio
Telephone 707

Phillip Wilson, Jr.
Ocean at Lincoln
Telephone 101

White, Miss Elizabeth McClung
Ocean Avenue
Telephone 171

C. R. Parrott, Realtor
Ocean Avenue
(opposite Pine Inn)
Telephone 201

C. R. Parrott
Mrs. Welsh Rental Dept.
Ocean Avenue, Opp. Pine Inn
Telephone 61

Restaurants:
Whitney, C. W.
Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone 204

The Carmel-Eta Inn
Ocean Avenue near Library
Telephone 879

The Homestead
North side of the Park
Telephone 436

Service Stations:
Shell Super Service Station
San Carlos and Fifth
Telephone 462

Stables:
San Carlos Riding Academy
Ocean and Junipero
Telephones: House 51, Stables 144

Bettie Greene Stables
Junipero and 4th
Telephones: House 165-W, Stables 31

Stock Brokers:
Russel-Miller and Co.
Del Monte Hotel
Telephone 2500

Telephone:
Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company
Dolores and 7th
Telephone 20

Typewriter Exchange:
Peninsula Typewriter Exchange
129 Franklin Street, Monterey
Telephone Monterey 1090

Theater:
Carmel Theater
Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde
Telephone 282

Wood, Coal and Kindling:
Plaza Fuel Co., John Catlin and Keith Evans
Junipero and 6th
Telephone 180

EDITORIAL

ARTISTS AT THE MISSION

For the second time within a few months, the story comes to us of an artist evicted—and insulted—at Carmel Mission. Edith H. Heron, whose paintings have recently been exhibited at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, an artist of ability and repute, writes of her experience at the Mission in the following terms:

"I had permission of Father Scher, head of the two missions on the peninsula and now acting Bishop, to paint. I was told at the mission that I had not such permission, and that I had not seen him, and that a policeman would put me out. I waited for the policeman who took me to the district attorney's, Mr. Campbell's, office, but he was not in. I later telephoned Mr. Campbell, and he came to Carmel and met me there. He had heard nothing about my arrest from the officer or mission, and said he had had many complaints and would do what he could for me.

"I got a note giving permision to paint in the grounds, 'revokable at any time.' "

In June last, Homer Lee, a visiting artist, was evicted from the grounds while painting the old Mission. He claimed that he was insulted and rudely treated. The custodian at the mission said, when the matter was called to his attention, that high officials of the Catholic Church had passed the rule that no artists should be allowed to make paintings within the grounds, and that he was merely carrying out his instructions. He added that artists were a nuisance.

In commenting upon her experience Miss Heron said, "Outsiders have given large donations to keep up this building. The church is more glorified by being painted than by insulting its guests. The Catholics as an organization do not stand for this sort of thing. Why should it be allowed in the community of Carmel?"

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

With the approach of the August primaries, political interest is growing fast, and friends of the various candidates are doing their stuff. It would seem, here in Carmel at least, that women are becoming the active politicians, with women's voters clubs and women canvassers doing the door-to-door racket for their favorite sons.

The foremost battle is that for Congressman of the Eighth District, with Scott Hendricks digging in deep and fast to imperil the hopes of Arthur M. Free, incumbent. Already the Hendricks' banner is being waved bravely over one club of women voters, and another is predicted. Free, who has been practically unmolested in Carmel for years, now has a real fight on his hands.

For state senator, Edward H. Tickle of the Highlands need have nothing to fear in this section of his territory, but that isn't saying what may be done to him elsewhere. His antagonist, Doc Roberts, is an old and wise politician, and is working hard for the place. The contest for assemblyman is a sectional one, with the Monterey peninsula represented by John Thomsen, and the eastern part of the district with a young and active candidate, an attorney, Elmer E. Patterson.

The supervisorial fight in the fifth district is a three-cornered affair, with A. A. Caruthers, incumbent, Andrew Jacobsen of Pacific Grove, and Stanley Ollason of Monterey the contestants. Carmel seems to have a warm place in its heart for Andy Jacobsen, who has appeared here in amateur dramatics frequently in the past. But Stanley Ollason, claiming the Ed Hatton ranch for a birthplace, may pry in as a pioneer Carmelite. Like every three-cornered fight, the outcome is unpredictable.

Carmel will be more effective in balloting than ever before, with the largest registration in its history, half as many as Monterey itself. Local charter battles in Pacific Grove have brought registration in that city up to the high mark, far exceeding the total of Monterey. The peninsula promises to make or mar political ambitions this year.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 3, 1915

Official Newspaper of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California

The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition, circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

Subscription rates: One year, $2. Six months, $1.25. Three months, 65¢
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PERRY NEWBERRY and RANALD COCKBURN, Publishers

Printed by the Carmel Press, Inc.

QUICKENED SOUL

If your strong fingers laid upon my eyes,
That long were grey-filmed with despair, had power
To give them sight, to make them beauty-wise,
And if you had withheld that touch, this hour
Had never come, and I had never seen
The gay delirium that is the spring;
Had never known that love provides the green
And white of orchards—that it makes a wing
Appear on either side a song, and folds
A lyric heart between. Since heaven is,
To my now quickened soul, your heart that holds
The beatings of my own, I tell you this:
That could some evil take from me your face,
Life is not good, not beautiful, but base.

Muriel Thurston

LONELY COAST

I found a place where the sea was wild and blue,
Hurling wild waves upon long-forgotten beaches;
A place where the mountains were tall and barren and brown,
And grass was torn by the wind that swept the headlands;
A place where the cliffs were steep and hard to climb,
Down where great caverns were filled with the thunder of waters
Fearful and dark, and swirling around the shoulders
Of rock, and their cruel and jagged edges,
Where sea-things, all brightness and strangeness,
Crept slowly, or scuttled about into crannies,
Alive, yet not living, far under the smashing of waves.
White foam flung high in the air and blown far and wide
Fell upon poppies, all golden, that clung to the rocks.
There, a lone gull, high, and crying against the wind,
Felt the cold rush and the bite of the air through its feathers,
And wheeled again—out, far out—to the clear-edged sea.

I know a place where the mountains are high and bare;
Where the wind is tugging the grass and the sea-blue lupin;
Where the thunderous noise of the water goes on forever;
And a sea-bird calls over long-forgotten beaches.

Valentine Porter
in The Blue Print

OUT OF DAMASCUS

This was the boon I asked of my love:
Pour at my feet the splendors of Rome;
Ivory from Africa, jade from the Nile,
And out of Damascus, a high silver comb.

Splendor of twilight you laid at my feet,
Jade of a star, and a pale ivory moon;
And the high silver comb which I wished for my hair
You fashioned from mists of a still night in June.

Jan Isbelle Fortune
in Troubadour

OUR MID-SUMMER NUMBER

Because of a story about Carmel—printed elsewhere in this issue—published in *Better Homes and Gardens*, August number, the writer has been receiving inquiries in every mail from all parts of the United States regarding Carmel. The questions that are asked are varied, but all prove a deep interest in the city in a forest.

If for no other purpose than to save letter-writing, something is indicated that can be mailed these inquirers to tell them of what Carmel is and looks like. For that reason, the *Pine Cone* will attempt in its Midsummer Number, on August 19, to give the information about Carmel that is desired, and answer the many questions that come in to us and to the Business Association here.

The Midsummer Number will be illustrated with cuts of our public buildings, business structures, the quaint shops and beautiful gardens, and of the scenery in and around the village. It will contain articles written by those qualified to know, of the things of vital interest in the town. It will be a source of information of a right kind of this community to be sent out to those who are seriously considering Carmel as a future home.

EARNING HIS HAY

Gus Englund's brave steed has been missed from the streets that have known it for years, and the result is a popular demand for the nag's return from pasture to public life. Which is another example of the commercial value of the picturesque. Gus, aboard a horse, is picturesque; Gus, afoot or in a roadster, is a cop. All cities have cops. Unique Carmel has picturesqueness.

Our summer visitors noticed the absence of the big bay horse, and commented on it, unfavorably. It had meant something to them in past sojourns here; not because Gus was any more effective as chief of police while astraddle the nag, but the sight was pleasing, and gave them something to talk about when back home, detailing the visit. It was good advertising for Carmel.

Just as the milk-shrines that used to adorn our corners were good advertising. Had Carmel been commercially minded, it would have retained those obsolete shrines, kept them at work to spread afar the quaint customs of the village. Just as the narrow dirt roads are good advertising today.

Gus' steed is worth all he eats as a billboard. He advertises Carmel and brings

business here. That he is as obsolete as the milk shrine is true, but not pertinent. Put him back on the job, and put Gus on his back.

FINAL WARNING!

The county health officer reports eleven cases of mussel poisoning on the Monterey peninsula, indicating an alarming condition of illiteracy in this section of the county. Every newspaper has printed repeated warnings against the shell fish at this season of the year, and it would seem that nobody need be ignorant of the fact that mussels are poisonous.

The condition is not dependent upon whether or not the bivalves are covered with water at high tide, or anything that has to do with their physical appearance. You may not select a certain group of mussels and say these are good to eat, or set aside others as unfit. The finest appearing mussel may be the most poisonous, and if you make any exceptions you are liable to pay the penalty of serious illness, maybe death.

Leave all mussels alone. The worst gambler at the mushroom game is a much better life-insurance hazard than the man who picks mussels in the summertime. Take the word of the State Health Commission and the County Health Officer that they are not fit food.

People Talked About

Without any more ceremony than a quiet appearance before the city council at a regular meeting of that body, a few words spoken and a vote of thanks tendered, Mrs. James Hopper officially completed the work of changing Devendorf Park from an eye-sore to a bit of scenic beauty. No fussy ceremonials, no speeches, no brass bands or applauding hands. It was a modest affair, quite in keeping with the woman whose abilities and efficiency had put through the project.

Mrs. Hopper has lived in Carmel for twenty-six years, coming here first at a time when Carmel was a couple of hundred people scattered through the woods. James Hopper and Frederick Bechdolt had a book to do together. "No. 9009," and they wrote it in the Log Cabin on Camino Real. Though the writers had intended only to stay for the time necessary for the collaboration, they both are still here, with their families residents of Carmel.

Because she has raised a fine family here, Mattie Hopper has been directly interested in school affairs, and prominent in the Parent-Teachers Association. She has also been active in municipal affairs, and in the various political movements that have affected the city government. Although frequently urged to accept office, she has consistently refused, preferring to use her talents from outside.

The city purchased Devendorf Park—called Block 69, as it is marked on the maps, for many years—at the time when a bond issue was floated to buy the sand dunes at the foot of Ocean avenue. Although it is frequently said that Block 69 was "thrown in" for good measure in the deal, the facts are that it was carefully thought over by the proponents of the bond issue, and acquired for a park breathing-place in the down-town district. The reason nothing was done toward beautifying it for so many years was that always there was a difference of opinion as to what should be its permanent fate.

There were plenty of people who thought a city hall should be located upon it, even back in 1922. But the proposed bond issue for building that city hall, before the voters at the spring election that year, was badly defeated. Then it barely escaped being the site of the Harrison Memorial Library, causing a battle royal in 1924. From then on, Block 69 was the subject of discord between city hall advocates and tennis court enthusiasts, with a few—among whom was Mattie Hopper—who believed it should remain just a park.

What it did remain was a dump for all sorts of refuse, a training ground for colts, the catch-all of defunct newspapers and street sweepings. Once a year, or even less frequently, an amateur circus or a fair of some kind would be held there, and it would be left looking a bit worse than usual. It was at its disreputable worst when Mattie Hopper, coming home from a visit elsewhere, probably, saw it with eyes aghast, and determined to do something about it.

She came at a good time. An effort of the city-hall-ites to grab it for a site had met such determined resistance, that the council had dropped the proceedings after the preliminaries had been started. Mrs. Hopper's offer to raise the money and landscape the block according to a plan that she had secured, made by a landscape artist of note, Mrs. Helen Van Pelt, was accepted by the council, with restrictions that made the job twice as difficult for Mrs. Hopper, but also quite safe for the city. A minimum sum of $2000 must be subscribed before the work was begun.

That wasn't easy, even in ante-depression days in Carmel, but Mrs. Hopper went at it, carried a subscription list from door to door, got up entertainments and pageants, and became a money-raiser. Then, with the need to find work for the unemployed, opportunity came to materially cut labor costs, and the work was finally completed. Mrs. Hopper, characteristically, gives the credit to her helpers. They are entitled to credit, a lot of it. But Carmel knows that except for her energy behind it all, the park would still be a playground for the winds.

■ ■

He was only a sea lion—but he is still one of the most popular topics of conversations down by the Point.

The sea lion arrived unexpectedly and parked his slippery body on Edward G. Kuster's front yard. Kuster was then busy in the little theatre movement in Carmel and gave the visitor only a passing glance.

The sea lion, however, knowing what an admirable director Kuster is, was not satisfied. Like a true actor he wanted all of Kuster's attention, not to say those of his neighbors. When Kuster awoke next morning and looked over his oceanic backyard, the sea lion was still there.

In fact, he appeared to be sound asleep. He lay there so immobile, Kuster thought nothing of it. On the third morning, a strange odor which smelled not of the usual breakfast commodities reached Kuster's sensitive nostrils.

He looked out of his window. The sea lion was still there. Kuster gave a deep breath, hoping to inhale a refreshing cold morning breeze. The breeze was cold, but not as refreshing as Kuster had anticipated. The sea lion, suffering from B. O. had perfumed the air on the Point. He had selected Kuster's property as the logical location for his last resting place.

One part of the beach in front of Kuster's property is in the county and the other in the city. The sea lion lay stretched out inside the county line. Kuster did not have to glance into his law books to know that the county had to take care of the dead animal and so he communicated with officials of the Monterey county sanitary board.

On the following day, the rescue squad arrived. But they couldn't do anything about it. They told Kuster they would like to help him out. But they were very sorry.

Kuster became angered. Why couldn't they move it?

The sanitary inspector pointed out through the window of Kuster's home. The sea lion had been washed inside the city limits. The county couldn't do a thing. It was up to the city.

Kuster after biting his nails, pulling out his hair and going through the varied ceremonies of a disgusted American citizen, finally telephoned to Police Chief Gus Englund.

Gus, being an obliging person, got the fire department and proceeded to the Point to perform the rites for the dead.

When Kuster returned home late that afternoon, he was prepared to inhale a refreshened atmosphere. But lo and behold, the sea lion was still there—now right in front of his home.

Kuster dashed to the telephone. He called Gus. Yes, Gus was very sorry. They had arrived with the proper equipment to rid Carmel of its dead stranger. But when they were about ready to begin operations, the sea lion had been washed by a strong wave into the county line.

Of course, Gus regretted the circumstances. But the city had to be fair to its taxpayers. They could not occupy their time in carrying out duties that belonged to county authorities.

Again, Kuster contracted the county sanitary board officials and on the following morning, when the entire neighborhood was learning something of the odors of a sea lion, another crew of men arrived.

But no sooner, had they set foot on the Point, that a wave came along, carrying the sea lion back inside the city limits. Holding on to the county crew, Kuster telephoned the Carmel police department.

All morning they stood. The city authorities on one side and the county authorities on the other side. Not until noon, did the sea lion make a definite decision and finally landed in the hands of the county crew.

And Kuster? He had to take a month's vacation. It was worse than directing a play in Carmel!

■ ■

Martin Flavin had Eugene Marble as passenger as he flew his plane down to Hollywood last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Flavin, in fulfilling a motion picture writing contract, finds that he is only two hours and a half from his Carmel Highlands home, and flies up on frequent week-end trips. Mr. Marble has long been an aviation enthusiast; in 1922 in Chicago he built a successful light plane, motored with a 28 horsepower, two-cylinder engine built by the man who in recent years has designed the famous Wright motors.

Carmelites Hold World's Records But Lack Authenticity of Official Timers

By Winsor Josselyn

The Olympic Games will produce a new crop of record holders and all that, but right here in Carmel we have champions whose records are safe for all time. The Greeks would undoubtedly have included these sports in their Games if they had known about them, and our townsfolk would be in Los Angeles this minute defending their titles.

It is lamentable that so few of our record-establishing acts were observed by competent officials. In some cases, there were no observers at all, which would rob them of A. A. U. recognition, of course, but nevertheless that does not make the record less wonderful.

Our reporter has known each and every one of these athletes, and in the interests of amateur sport has taken pains to check up at first hand, both from the hero involved and from eye witnesses, if any. You may quote the following with perfect safety, for in our fireproof vaults we have ample documentary proof to back us up.

1. *Champion Getter Out of Automobiles.*

Mike Murphy, who, in private life, is a contractor. Place, Ocean avenue at San Carlos. Time, midday, about 1924.

Mr. Murphy was returning from Monterey in his Oldsmobile raceabout. Seeing a soldier at the top of Carmel Hill, he slowed up and offered him a ride. The soldier said he was waiting for just that, and, upon getting in, hauled out a .45 automatic and thrust it against Mr. Murphy's ribs. "Drive me to Los Angeles!" he demanded. "I'm a deserter and I don't care what happens."

The coast road was then largely a road on paper, but the soldier urged that Mr. Murphy take it regardless. Mr. Murphy got as far toward Los Angeles as the middle of Carmel and suddenly swerved into Ocean avenue on the wrong side of the street, slammed on the brakes and dove overboard.

The soldier fired his pistol. But so fast did athlete Murphy get out of the car that the bullet, starting at the same time he did, failed to reach him, and ballistics experts have figured Mr. Murphy's time as approximately 3-1000 of a second.

2. *Champion Bathtub Carrier.*

Frank Otey, volunteer fireman. Place, La Playa Hotel. Time, the year of the Great Peninsula Fires.

Mr. Otey was catching his breath between salvaging furnishings at the La Playa fire, when he saw a figure lean from the first floor room, south side, and shout for assistance. Leaping forward, Mr. Otey lifted his arms to help break the fall of the trapped person, but instead of a person coming through the window, an enormous white bathtub appeared in the hands of the two men inside and was dropped down to the awaiting Mr. Otey.

Clutching the tub to his chest, Mr. Otey walked sixty-two feet. At each step he sank into the hard gravel walk up to his ankles, and computations based on the pressure necessary to do this, verified by two master plumbers, fixed the weight of the tub at seven hundred and forty pounds.

3. *Champion Diver off Cliffs*

Herbert, Hand, pioneer radio operator. Place, Cooke's Cove, on Scenic Drive. Time 1911.

Mr. Hand was being towed behind an automobile in his home-made glider. The glider refused to rise from the roadway, and so the hundred feet of rope dragged in the dust, and likewise Mr. Hand. The road followed the line of the cliffs, and the automobile driver was so busy driving that he forgot Mr. Hand and went around the hairpin bend at Cooke's Cove at a good clip. The rope cut directly across the cove, and in an instant Mr. Hand stood poised on the brink of the cliff, his ground-gripping flying machine surrounding him, and then the rope pulled taut and over Mr. Hand went.

At normal acceleration, the human body would fall the thirty two feet from the top to bottom of the cliff (U. S. Geodetic Survey figures) in just one second and a half. But Mr. Hand, aided by the natural diving ability of the airship, made the descent in 97-100 of a second, this being proven by the shatterd condition of the glider and the mental condition of Mr. Hand, a condition that stayed with him for a number of weeks.

4. *Champion Runners in Loose Sand.*

Co-holders: Ernest Schweninger, fisherman, and Harrison Godwin, cartoonist. Place, Carmel Beach. Time, early morning, 1925.

Messrs. Schweninger and Godwin were enjoying a brisk trot on the beach following a costumed gathering at the Pinkerton home, and they still had on their costumes, which consisted of a bear

(continued on page fifteen)

THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL

Among the guests at La Ribera Hotel last week-end were Mr. Frank Center of Sacramento, Miss Hattie Welbur of Davis, Miss E. Burke of San Mateo, Mrs. Edward Barrer of Burlingame, Miss R. Cargill of Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Deutsch of Berkeley, Mrs. A. H. Turner and her daughter, Ruth of San Francisco, Mrs. S. S. Porter of Gilroy and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Beauchamp of San Francisco.

Others were Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Cambrell from El Paso, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Shaw of La Jolla, Mr. and Mrs. Englebright of Piedmont, Miss E. Conklin of Stockton, Mr. A. Taylor of Stanford University, Miss K. Johnston of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Schnell of Los Angeles and Miss Ethel Miller of Seattle.

¶

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Coaten of Atherton are spending part of their honeymoon at Del Monte.

¶

Coming as a surprise to her many friends here and in the northern cities is the formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Palache of Carmel to Mr. Phillip Lansdale of San Mateo.

Miss Palache is the daughter of Mr. Whitney Palache and the granddaughter of the late Judge and Mrs. John Graber, pioneer residents of Berkeley.

The Palache family formerly owned, and still are possessors of most of the Claremont district in the east bay, and gave the land for St. Clement's Episcopal Churh.

Mr. John Palache is a brother of the bride to be. A younger brother, Mr. James Palache, was killed in the world war.

Mr. Lansdale is the father of Mrs. Talbot Wildman (Evelyn Lansdale) Miss Claire Lansdale and Mr. Phillip Van Horne Lansdale. His sister is Miss Mary Lansdale and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward V. Lansdale. His first wife was the former Miss Mary Nichols, daughter of the late Bishop William Ford Nichols of the diocese of California.

Council Will Sit As Board of Equalization

Starting next Monday morning, the city council will sit as a board of equalization to hear protests against the assessed valuation of Carmel property.

The board will probably meet for three mornings until every protest has been considered. Following the sessions as a board of equalization, the council will study the assessment roll and set the official tax rate for the coming year.

For some time, Mayor John Catlin has indicated a large decrease in the tax rate. His recommendations will be made at the next meeting of the city council.

Open Season on Ducks Will Be Two Months

California duck hunters received some good news this week when the U. S. Biological Survey notified Nathan Moran, a member of the Public Shooting Grounds Advisory Committee of the State Fish and Game Commission, that the duck season for this year would be from November 1 to December 31.

A two months shooting season had been recommended by the state Commission. Last season the hunters were limited to only one month.

The Biological Survey also announced a bag limit of 15, and a possession limit of 30. The Commission recommended a possession limit of 15. Under the decision of the Survey, not more than 10 redheads, canvas backs, blue bills or teal may be in any bag limit.

Use of live geese as decoys is prohibited by the federal order.

The U. S. Biological Survey arrives at its decision to fix lengths of seasons, and bag and possession limits after receiving recommendations from fish and game commissions throughout the United States, which are gone over also by the Migratory Bird Advisory Board of which Nathan Moran is a member from this state.

Why Are Communists?

Why do Communists believe there must be a dictatorship of the proletariat? Why do they believe there must be a Revolution before you can build a new and more equitable society? These questions will be answered next Sunday evening by Melvin P. Levy, first Secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners and a founder of the John Reed Club of N.Y., in his talk in "Why You Are Not a Communist."

Mr. Levy recently returned from a visit with Dreiser and dos Passos to the Kentucky coal fields, and will tell of the evidences of the class struggle he saw there.

He will also deal with the contention that Communism may be all right for Russia but will never do for America.

The meeting will be at *The Getaway*, San Antonio and Ocean, Sunday next, August 7th at 8:15 p.m., admission 25 cents.

Anne Greene's Recital

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene and of young Anne Greene are looking forward to Anne's recital in the Denny Watrous Gallery on August 20. Anne has spent the last four years in Europe, studying, and her concert on the twentieth will be her first public appearance.

The Devil Walks

By Herbert Cerwin

Carmel and Greta Garbo are two of a kind, according to Rob Wagner, who is dipping his pen into the village's activities in preparation for a magazine article.

The mighty Greta, Rob points out, is absolutely sincere in not wanting publicity and refusing to be constantly in the public limelight. As a result, everything she does, becomes front page news. What editors can't get, they always want.

Greta has created an atmosphere of mystery and secrecy around herself which the highest paid press agent would have been unable to have established.

In every respect, Wagner says, Carmel has developed an atmosphere of mystery that is similar in a fashion to Greta. Carmel does not want publicity—but it gets more than any other community of its kind in the country.

Carmel does not want to be in the public eye, but invariably hardly a month passes, that the village is not the center of attention.

Carmel first won the popular fancy, because the old timers were against having people coming to the village. Because they were not wanted, hundreds flocked here.

Carmel's luring and seductive power even equals Greta's curves!

* * *

Things we would like to see but probably won't . . .

Gus riding a bicycle . . .

Judge Hoagland in beach pajamas . . .

Herbert Heron wearing a beard . . .

William Silva playing tennis on the sand dunes . . .

Mattie Hopper in a bathing suit . . .

Lincoln Steffens as mayor . . .

Henry Dickinson in Romeo and Juliet . . .

* * *

The death of Flo Ziegfeld recalled many memories in Carmel where several of his former associates are now residing.

For several years, George Marion, the veteran actor, directed many of Ziegfeld's most successful plays. In fact, it was Marion who supervised Ziegfeld's first play and toured the country with several of the New York productions.

In San Francisco at a testimonial banquet at which Marion was one of the honored guests, Ziegfeld presented him with a gold watch. The watch which Marion has carried ever since carries this tribute from Ziegfeld:

"To George Marion, the finest director I have ever known."

* * *

Watch *Liberty* magazine soon. Robert Welles Ritchie has a featured article on the Prince of Wales. The material for it was obtained when Ritchie was London correspondent for Universal service.

* * *

A new cult is about to be formed. It will bear the name: *Fog Worshippers.*

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WHO'S WHO, WHAT and WHERE

Here in Carmel

City Fire Department,
Chief, R. G. Leidig,
Phone, 100.

Police Department,
Chief, August Englund,
Phone 131.

City Clerk,
Saidee Van Brower.
Phone, 110.

City Treasurer,
Barnet J. Segal.

City Attorney
Argyll Campbell

City Offices.
Over the Post Office

Councilmen:
Mayor, Finance
John C. Catlin.
Fire & Police
John B. Jordan
Water & Light
Herbert Heron
Health & Safety
Robert A. Norton.
Streets & Parks
Clara N. Kellogg

Post Office. Dolores Street.
Between Ocean & 7th.
W. L. Overstreet, P. M.

Newspapers,
Pine Cone,
San Carlos, near 7th
Carmelite,
Dolores, between 7th and 8th

Theatres:
Studio Theatre of Golden Bough
Monte Verde, near 8th.
Carmel Theatre
Ocean and Monte Verde.
Denny-Watrous Gallery,
Opposite the Post Office
Forest Theater,
Mountain View.

Churches:
All-Saints. S. Monte Verde
Carmel Mission, Main Highway, south of Village.
Christian Science, N. Monte Verde
Community Church, Lincoln near Ocean Ave.
Unity Hall
Dolores, between 8th and 9th

Harrison Memorial Library,
Ocean and Lincoln.
(Free to the Public.)

Postal Telegraph
Ocean Avenue, next to Curtis

Western Union Telegraph,
Dolores opposite Post Office.
Monterey County Water Works,
South Side of Ocean, nr. Dolores
Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
Dolores, south of Ocean
Railway Express Agency,
7th, bet. Dolores and San Carlos
Pac. Tel. and Tel. Co.,
7th and Dolores
Monterey Co., S. P. C. A.
Poundmaster, Monterey 1608.
Garbage Man,
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9:45 a.m. Sunday School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

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Open Week Days 1:00 *to* 5:00
Evenings: Tuesdays and Friday
7:30 *to* 9:00
(Closed holidays)
Public Cordially Invited

Carmelites Win Records

(continued from page thirteen)

rug and a leopard hide, respectively, and morning was upon them before they realized it and they were still at the far end of the beach from their homes. People began lining the cliffs watching their antics as they frolicked along the edge of the surf, and then some resident, never identified, let loose two bulldogs. Before the athletes noticed the dogs they were barely beyond biting distance and for the first hundred yards this status remained. Then the cheers from the spectators came to their ears and they got their natural stride and by the time they reached the cliffs at the lower end of the beach they had bettered all records for loose sand courses. They had covered the mile and one-eighth of the beach in 3 minutes and 86 seconds, and so fatigued were the bulldogs that they were under veterinarian's care for some days.

Other world's records are held by Carmelites, and these will appear in the *Pine Cone* sporting pages in subsequent issues.

Pasadena Rector To Preach at All Saints

The Rev. Dr. Leslie E. Learned the rector of All Saints Parish in Pasadena will preach at All Saints Church in Carmel Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. His many friends will be very glad to take advantage of the only opportunity of hearing him this summer.

Christian Science Churches

"Spirit" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, August 7, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "For, brethern, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law" (Gal. 5:13, 16-18).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "So-called material existence affords no evidence of spiritual existence and immorality. Jesus reasoned on this subject practically, and controlled sickness, sin, and death on the basis of his spirituality. Understanding the nothingness of material things, he spoke of flesh and Spirit as the two opposites,—as error and Truth, not contributing in any way to each other's happiness and existence. Jesus knew, 'It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing' " (p. 356).

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FOR RENT: Exceptionally desirable room in private home 856 Monte Verde St. Separate entrance, steam heat. Excellent location and view. Telephone 323-W.

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FOR RENT: Furnished cottage, one large living room, dining room, four bedrooms (double beds), gas range, large fireplace. Situated three blocks from beach, five blocks from Post Office. Telephone 672-J.

WANTED

THE CARMEL PRESS wants to obtain some barrels in good condition. Telephone 77.

WANTED: Three men to sell Health and Accident Insurance. Telephone Salinas 2360. L. J. Workman, 557 Riker Street, Salinas.

COACHING in subjects of the elementary grade or of high school by Mrs. Willis G. White, an experienced teacher possessing a life diploma, credentials at Stanford University. Residence corner of Camino Real and 9th Avenue. Carmel.

NOTICE

I HAVE leased the deer hunting privileges on the Rancho San Carlos and have established a camp at which I am prepared to receive guests. For terms please telephone Carmel 79-W or write Box E, Route 1, Monterey. Fern Darling, Lessee.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.
(SEAL)

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE

Whereas, PALO ALTO MUTUAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, a corporation, is the present owner and holder of a certain promissory note dated the 3rd day of September, 1929, executed by LOUISE B. MATHIOT and KARL D. MATHIOT, her husband, as makers, and PALO ALTO MUTUAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, a corporation, as payee; and

Whereas, payment of said note and the indebtedness evidenced thereby is secured by Deed of Trust of record in volume 204 of official records at page 416, Records of Monterey County, California, executed by Louise B. Mathiot and Karl D. Mathiot, her husband, to W. C. THOITS and DICY A. BAUGH, as Trustees, for the Palo Alto Mutual Building and Loan Association, a corporation, beneficiary; and

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the principal of said note and interest due thereon and other sums due under said deed of trust; and

Whereas, on the 30th day of March, 1932, as provided by law and pursuant to a resolution of its Board of Directors duly and regularly passed, Palo Alto Mutual Building and Loan Association, a corporation, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Monterey County, California, a declaration that the whole of said indebtedness was immediately due and payable, and a notice of breach and of default and of its election to cause the property described in said deed of trust to be sold to satisfy the obligations secured thereby; which notice of breach and of default is of record in said Recorder's office in volume 328 of official records at page 437.

NOW, THEREFORE, pursuant to demand of said Palo Alto Mutual Building and Loan Association, a corporation, and in accordance with the terms of said deed of trust and to satisfy the indebtedness and other amounts secured thereby, said trustees hereby give notice that on the 10th day of August, 1932, at 11:00 o'clock, A. M. at the office of the Palo Alto Mutual Building and Loan Association, 257 University Avenue, in the City of Palo Alto, County of Santa Clara, State of California, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, in lawful money of the United States, that certain real property situate in the County of Monterey, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot 7, Block 22, as said lot and block are laid down and delineated upon a map entitled "Hatton Fields, Tract Number 2, being a Subdivision of a portion of Rancho Canada de la Segunda, Monterey County, California, filed April 5, 1926, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Monterey, State of California, and now on file and of record in said office in Map Book Three, Cities and Towns, at page 32 therein.

Dated July 11, 1932
W. C. THOITS
DICY A. BAUGH

RODGERS & SMITH
Attorneys for said Trustees
Madison-Thoits Bldg.
PALO ALTO, California
Date of first publication July 15th, 1932.
Date of last publication August 5th, 1932.

Arty Carmel Frowns As Elite Residents Pitch Horseshoes

Artistic Carmel has been frowning and its eyes glaring in fury ever since it discovered that its elite members were occupying their minds with a new pastime.

Yes, it's true—they're pitching horseshoes right in the main street of the village!

And worst of all, delegations from Pacific Grove, Seaside and Salinas have been coming regularly to compete with the Carmel champions.

It all started when the old Goold building on the corner of San Carlos and Ocean was torn down. Members of the unemployed gathered on the corner, whittled wood and swapped stories. Then someone found some horseshoes and a few pegs were hammered into the ground.

At first, only a few participated in the games. Gradually the number increased until now, 20 to 30 residents try their luck swinging the horseshoes while double that number witness the competitions.

Ah—the secret is out. Not only are those out of work taking part in horseshoe pitching, but merchants, artists, writers and even visitors, try to show their skill in this old army game.

City officials are looking dubiously at the tournaments. So far, however, no complaint against the horsehoe playing has been received.

Carmel Registration Has Large Increase

The Democratic party has slashed deeply into the Republican territory in Monterey county, according to the figures of County Clerk Carol Joy which show that the strength of the Bourbon is almost twice what it was last year.

Of the 17,552 Monterey county residents who are eligible to vote in the primaries, 10,191 are Republicans and 6659 are Democrats. The Democratic registration showed a gain of 3,245 over last year while the Republicans dropped 1015 supporters.

Carmel as virtually every other city in the county, had an increase in the registration of voters. Carmel rose from 884 residents eligible to cast a ballot to 1100—an increase of 216.

Of all the communities in the county, Pacific Grove had the largest increase jumping from 2299 to 2889.

Summer Visitor Weds U. S. Army Captain

Florence Astrid Dofsen, who has appeared in many local theatricals during her summer vacations in Carmel, was married Sunday to Captain Dana A. Bronson, of Long Beach.

The wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Vera Peck Millis on Scenic drive and was performed by the Rev. Austin B. Chinn. Edward Kuster and Sam Ethridge rendered musical selections. Mrs. Bronson is a sister of Mrs. Otto Bardarson and is a resident of Seattle, Washington.

At Meal Time

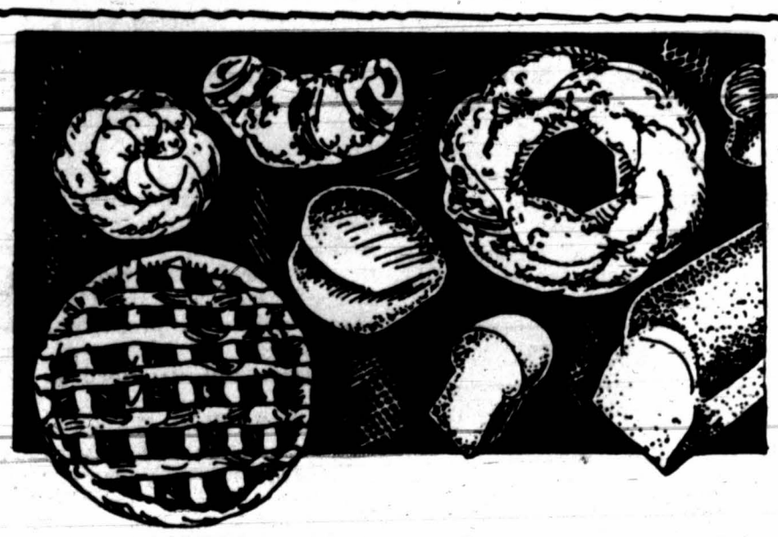
You'll Never Have A Long Face

if

your Steak, Chops Little Pig Sausages or Fresh Fish comes from

Vining's Meat Market

DOLORES STREET
TELEPHONE 379
We Deliver



Appetizing

You'll say so when you've tried our

Mother's Bread — Napkin Rolls
Lima Bean Bread — Reef Cakes
Scotch Scones — Fresh Berry Pies

Carmel Bakery

Ocean and Lincoln — Telephone 331

THE RED & WHITE STORES

Confidence

Only the finest of foods could establish such a firm bond of confidence as that which exists between millions of housewives and thousands of owners of Red & White Stores.

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Tendersweet No. 2 Tins
SWEET CORN 3 for 25c
The name tells

HACIENDA Quart Bottle
VINEGAR 17c
50 grain strength—Apple Cider Vinegar

FANDANGO
HOT SAUCE 3c
Adds zest to your cooked dishes

RED & WHITE Large Size
PRUNES 2 lb. carton 14c
Triple sealed cartons insure perfect fruit

HACIENDA Sliced
Pineapple No. 2 1-2 tin 18c
Luscious slices of Hawaii's finest fruit

BLUE & WHITE
BUTTER Per Lb. 26c
92 score butter packed in cubes

HACIENDA
Fruit for Salad Tall tin 17c
No. 2 1-2 Tin 29c
An assortment of California and Hawaiian fruits

RED & WHITE 8 ounce jar
French Dressing 18c
Makes salads more appetizing

LINDSEY Tall Tin
RIPE OLIVES 8c
The popular picnic size

RED & WHITE Large Package
CAKE FLOUR 25c
Approved for lighter and fluffier cakes

SOAP SPECIALS

IVORY, LARGE Per Bar 8c
Kind to everything it touches

IVORY, MEDIUM Per Bar 5c
It floats

IVORY, GUEST 2 Bars 7c
As fine as soap can be

IVORY FLAKES Lge. Pkg. 19c
For washing silks and woolens

CAMAY 4 Bars 19c
The soap of beautiful women

CHEESE

California Cream Lb. 15c
A mild flavor that pleases

Monterey Jack Lb. 17c
Famous for its tempting flavor

COFFEE

Hill's Blue Per lb. 23c
Packed in cartons

Red & White Per lb. 32c
A dependable blend in vacuum tins

H-O OATS Small Pkg. 11c
Large Package 25c
The oatmeal with the toasted flavor

Quart tin
WESSON OIL 39c
Makes the dressing to fit the salad

HACIENDA No. 2 Tin
GARDEN PEAS 15c
The sweetest and tenderest peas of the pod

RED & WHITE Large Package
WHEAT CEREAL 17c
A nourishing breakfast cereal

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
The Freshest of the Best

Look for the RED & WHITE Store Sign over the door of your Independent Home Owned Grocer

EWIG'S GROCERY
Ocean Avenue
Across from Bank of Carmel

DOLORES CASH GROCERY
Dolores Street near Post Office